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# THE CHORUS GIRL—By Roy L. McCardell.

Illustrated by R. W. TAYLOR.

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the actors and actresses this year, too. You can keep house on a package of shredded oats and a box of bottled beer and blame the near-food layout on account of what the papers print about the medicated meat the Beef Trust has been pushing on the public.

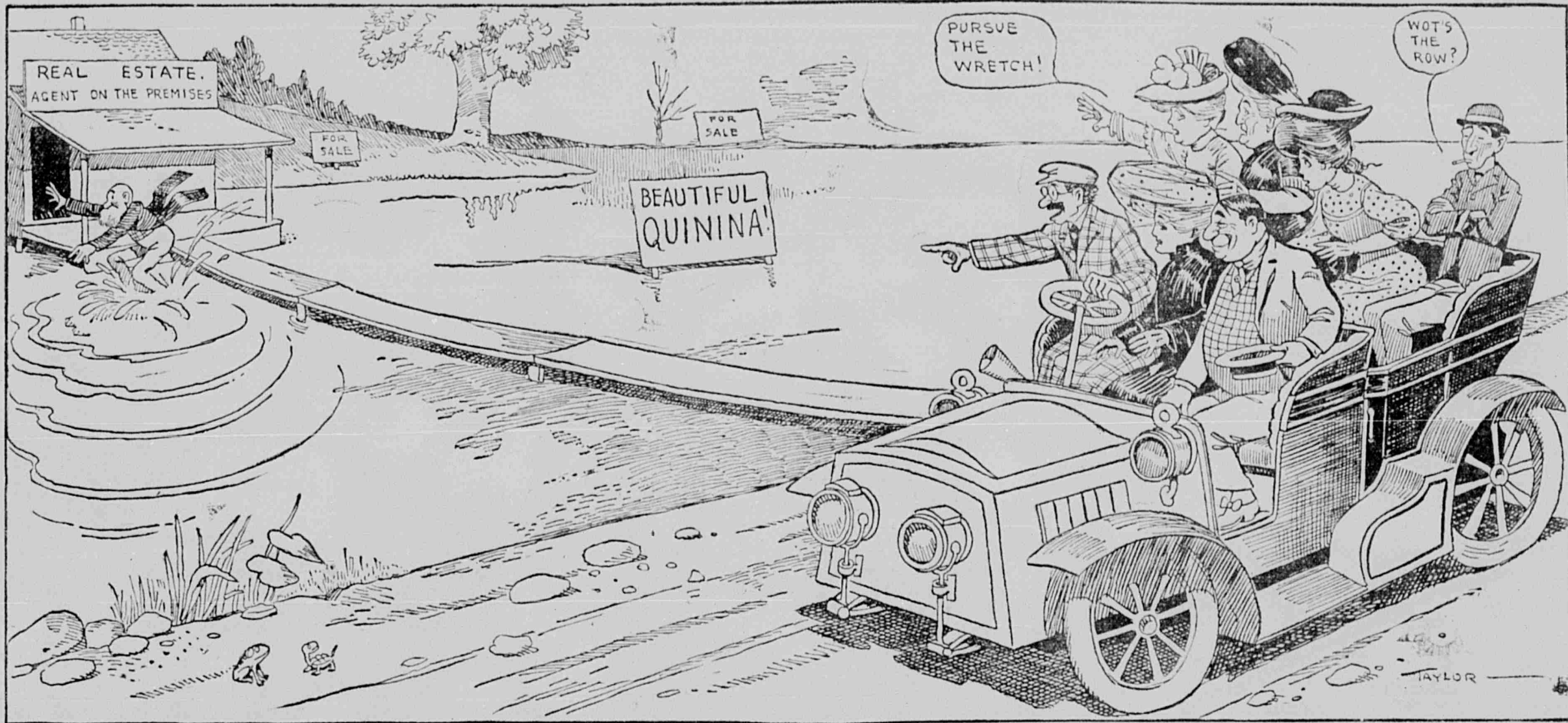
"Tan shoes have gone out and patent leathers is in. So you can wear last season's shoes and not have to mention the matter or shove out an excuse.

"Going bareheaded for health is still the fad, Panamas have gone into the discard and, what with no hat, last year's shoes, shoe-string cravats, flannel collars and sleeves rolled up so the fringe on your attached cuffs won't show, these days are sure satisfactory to the simple-lifers.

"Actors are getting to be good business men, at least some of them are, and they've got the real estate habit hard.

"They save their money and buy lots. If they can't pay cash down they get in on the dollar-a-week investments. If you see that most of them are tight-wadding for the past few years, and passing up the pony playing you can know it's for the land's sake.

"Besides their other blighting poverty, most actors are land poor now, and when some fellow-actor wants an actor fellow to go out with him and look at a piece of property that's bound to double in value in sixty days, or to see three acres he knows of on Staten Island that can be car-



"Mr. Maginnis

jumped from the shack porch onto the smooth green lawn. The lawn was phony. It was green scum over one of the moistest marshes you ever saw."

thropic, dinner-buying point of view, have caught the fever, and they are out so much in the marsh districts I'm afraid they'll have chills, too.

"All this talk leads up to Puss Montgomery's persistent search for her husband, the mysteriously missing Mr. Maginnis.

"Able and Louie had been getting circulars about the beautifully restricted residence park, Quinina, L. I. Finally they began to get con-

idential letters stating that the Quinina Land Improvement Company had an option on sixty acres and it only needed \$5,000 more to take title, an early investor would get in on the ground floor, and so on; and Able and Louie determined to spin out that way and look into the proposition.

"We all got into Louie's automobile and away we went to look at the property.

cause, as Louie Zinsheimer says, women never make good business men, we took Dopey with us.

"I tell you, we burnt the dust on the Merrick Road. We'd a bin arrested twice, only Louie had the presence of mind to announce that he was a political friend of Senator McCarran and showed some Dreamland stock to prove it. As it was, we made Quinina in forty-five minutes from Broadway.

"Quinina would have been all right if it had been near anything, but it wasn't, not even to a tree.

"It consisted of a broad dirt road labelled 'Woodland avenue' and a one-story shack painted yellow and blue, with a big real estate 'Agent on the Premises' sign on it.

"As we drew near we noticed that the place was surrounded with one of the levellest, greenest lawns we ever saw. A plank walk led from the road to the shack across the bright, smooth lawn. Louie honked his horn and we saw a dense mass of whiskers emerge from the Quinina land office.

"Tuss gave a scream and shrieked 'Algeron! 'Tis he! My own!' The dense mass of whiskers evidently recognized his master's voice, as Sol Bloom would say, for Mr. Maginnis—for it was him—gave the finest imitation of the Drummer Boy of Shiloh by the way he beat it!

"He jumped four feet from the shack porch onto the smooth green lawn. Then we saw him sink down to his knees and do rapid water walking to the rear.

"The lawn was phony. It was green scum an inch thick over one of the moistest marshes you ever saw. Anybody buying lots here wouldn't have found them waterproof.

## CONTAMINATION OF THE PERFECT MAN.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



I never knew a perfect man. We would all, I think, rather know than be one. But the idea that he is obliged to perfect his perfection by contact with our admittedly imperfect sex is a mistake. There is at least one well-known restaurant in the Broadway district which the French heel has never desecrated, and the street railway companies have this season adopted the "smokers' car" for the exclusive use of men.

Only the chance encounter of the street therefore remains to corrupt him. And if he will procure a pair of nice patent-leather bladders that any harness-maker would supply, even this possibility of contamination will be spared him.

Way should either men or women resist the charge of imperfection? Perfection, if attainable, would be the greatest possible misfortune that could happen to them. It would immediately cut them off from sympathy or fellowship with the rest of us miserable sinners in this life, and in the next they would, as the late Senator Ingalls suggested, "relieve the awful isolation of George Washington."

The nearer we approach a state of perfection the more uninteresting we become. The fascinations of the world have such a blending of angelic sweetness and sheer devilment in their dispositions that we spend most of our time wondering whether they are going to sprout wings or a forked tail, realizing that if they took exclusively to either sin or saintship we would be most woefully disappointed in them.

Consider the world's fascinating women—Helen, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots. None of these, nor any other woman whose fame as wit or beauty has come down to us, would, if the world went against them, be eligible for a home for aged, senile, feeble-minded women.

And its fascinating men! Charles II., Napoleon, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr! Would Trinity ordain any one of these to a deaconate? Nay, verily, I fear not.

I do not wish to discourage the earnest correspondent who thinks man perfect. But I hope he is wrong. In fact, I know he is. Every interesting man alive is proof positive of it.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Straighten Nose.



MISS L.—If the nose is structurally wrong, it will straighten itself out. Appendix hereto is a good external pimple cure. Probably you need an internal remedy, too. Try phosphate of soda, so frequently suggested.

Dose, 1 teaspoonful in a glass of hot water an hour before breakfast and the same dose at night before going to bed. The pimple lotion follows: Carbolic acid, 15 drops; borax, 60 grains; glycerine, 4 drams; tannin, 30 grains; alcohol, 1 ounce; rose water, 2 1/2 ounces. Mix and dissolve. Apply night and morning.

Bleach for Freckles.

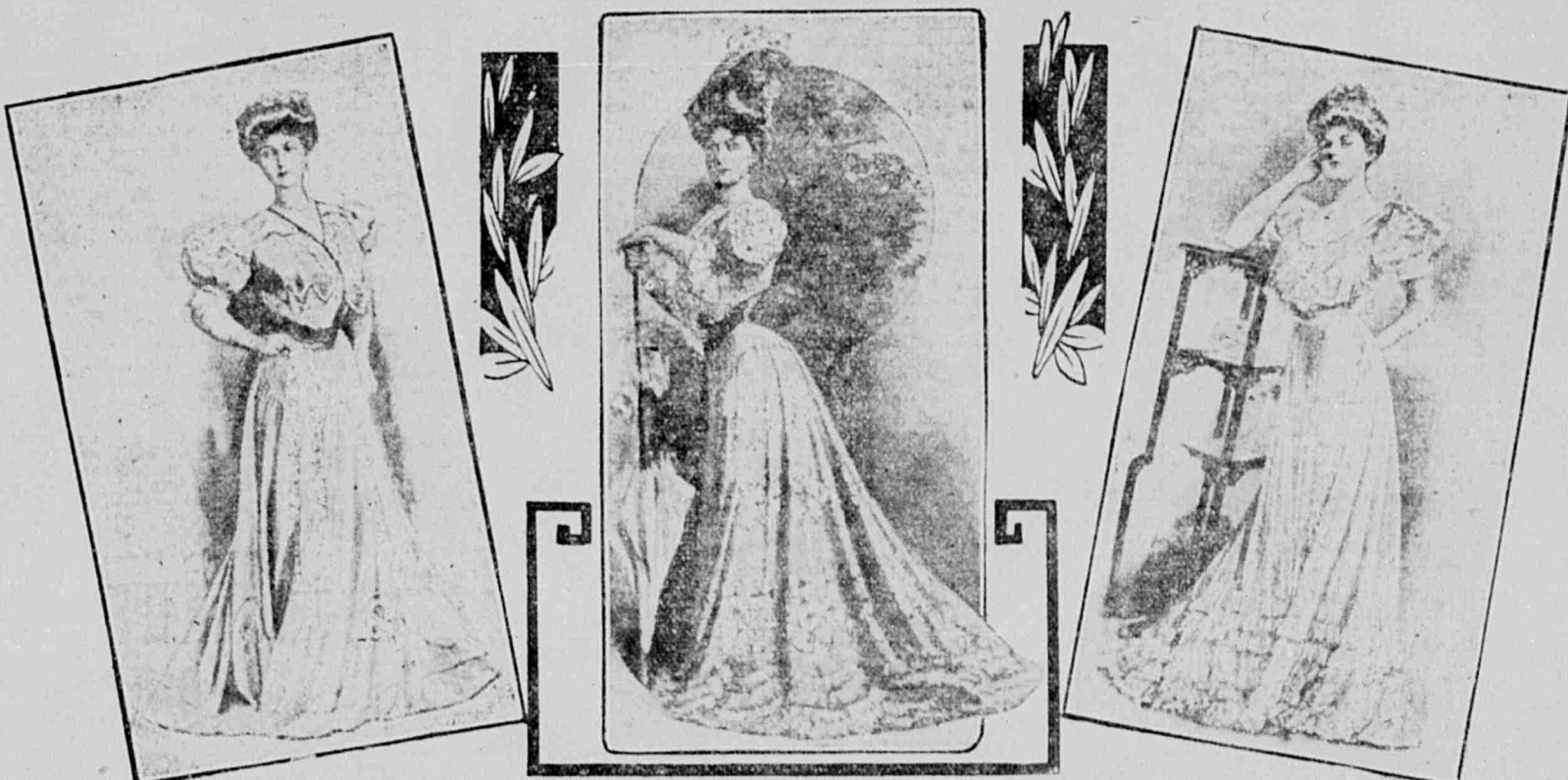
MISS K. A.—Here is a bleach for freckles that will be satisfactory. I think: Bichloride of mercury in coarse powder, 10 grains; distilled water, 1 pint. Agitate the two together until a complete solution is obtained.

then add one-half ounce of glycerine. Apply with a small sponge as often as agreeable. This is not strong enough to blister and skin the face in average cases. It may be increased or reduced in strength by adding to or taking from the amount of bichloride of mercury. Do not forget that this last ingredient is a powerful poison and should be kept out of the reach of children and ignorant persons.

Henna Paste.

FOR MRS. J. AND ADA B.—This is the rule for henna paste: Acetic acid, 4 drams; powdered henna leaves, 1-4 pound; white honey, 4 drams; powdered rhubarb, 4 drams. Add enough water to form a paste. This paste is applied to the hair, which has been thoroughly washed. The ends of the hair are fastened in braids around the head, and the hair is thoroughly covered with the paste, which is left on until it dries. The henna is then washed off with water which has been softened with a little ammonia. If you wish a brownish shade, mix three parts of indigo with one of henna in hot water to form a paste and apply as you would the paste above named.

## THE PRETTIEST DRESSES IN THE ROYAL TROUSSEAU.



THESE are some of the gowns constituting the magnificent trousseau of Queen Victoria of Spain, lately the English Princess Ena of Battenberg. London, Paris and Vienna were ransacked for rare and costly stuffs for the young Princess's outfit, and the thoughts of the world's greatest dressmakers concentrated on converting them into gowns worthy of Alfonso's bride. Three of the most beautiful creations are reproduced herewith.

The first is a lovely gown of gaze de sole, showered all over with tiny black stars on a creamy white ground, and patterned with small round Pompadour groups of the finest pink rosebuds.

The very full skirt is inset down the front and sides with blonde lace insertions between clusters of long tucks. White crepe de Chine was chosen for one of the afternoon gowns. The skirt, with the pink tucks from the waist graduating in length, is entirely inset with medallion-shaped motifs of finest Irish lace and smaller medallions of finely tucked mousseline embroidered with very small ribbons in pale pink and green shades. The smart little bolero bodice, entirely composed of these motifs, is bordered with a narrow frill of Valenciennes lace, the irregular border falling on a deep belt of folded pink taffeta.

## BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 126, New York.

December and May.

Dear Betty: I AM a man of sixty and am a widower with three children. I am in love with a young woman about twenty and I know my love is returned. Now, Betty, the trouble is this: The young woman is of another religion than mine. Is the difference of our ages too great, provided our love is sincere, and should the difference in our religion hinder us from marrying? Yours truly, H.

The disparity in your years, together with the difference in your religion, does not argue well for your future happiness. You will be an old man before your wife has reached her prime. Seek some one nearer your own age and of your faith.

Forgot to Ask Him to Call.

Dear Betty: ABOUT two weeks ago I met a young man who accompanied me home. Do you think it was proper for me to ask the young man to call? My friends told me I should have asked him to call, but I did not. Would it be proper for me to write and ask him to call, or let a young friend of mine ask him? Can I find out if he loves me? I love him very much. How can I win him or some other nice young man? I never can keep a friend. N. K.

JOSEPH K. writes me that he is a young man of twenty, but so bashful and timid that he dares not call on the pretty young girl with whom he is in love, also that he would not know what to say were he to approach her parents.

Timidity is a quality usually associated with our sex, but the suffering of the timid and bashful girl is as nothing when compared to the torture which a man undergoes when cursed, for it is really a curse, with lack of self-confidence.

Joseph will have to overcome this as soon as possible if he wants to succeed in love or in life. He is a man, and no one can help him now but himself. He must come into his own brightness of self-confidence and self-reliance. He can begin to do this by going to see the young girl of whom he is fond and controlling the dreadful desire to run away and bury his head in the sand like an ostrich, which is the inheritance of every timid person. He can make an inventory of his good qualities and his prospects and keep them in mind when he talks to her parents. Bashfulness emanates from a sense of unworthiness or feeling that one is unable to appear to advantage before certain people.

Timidity of this kind has nothing to do with physical courage. It is a quality of the mind and must be overcome through mental control and perseverance in the little acts which seem so hard at the time.

People are sometimes born timid, sometimes they acquire timidity or else they have it thrust upon them. I should like to know how many children there are in this city who are being forced by their thoughtless elders into perpetual self-consciousness of the most distressing kind.

The man or woman who makes a small child believe that he or she is constitutionally awkward, foolish, ungainly or uninteresting is putting this load of timidity onto young shoulders. There is a great difference between proper reproach and the sneer or gibe which embitters the little heart and eats its way into the child soul, warping the innate consciousness of self-esteem which is the brightness of every human being, and which in after years must be regained through painful effort.

however, you can ask your friend to bring him to see you some time. If he asks permission to call again you will be able to know that he finds your society pleasant.

Can't Marry at Seventeen.

Dear Betty: I AM seventeen years of age and I am going with a girl that my mother does not approve of, but whom I love and want to marry, but my mother would not stand for it. Will you kindly advise me what to do? W. E. F.

You are too young to marry. Wait until you become of age and can support the girl.

Unsolicited Attentions.

Dear Betty: I AM a young lady nineteen years of age and employed as a stenographer in a downtown office. My employer, though a married man, is continually presenting me with flowers, candy, &c. I would like to refuse his gifts, but am afraid if I do I will lose my position. What would you advise me to do? PERPLEXED.

Decline the gifts tactfully and let your employer see that your attitude toward him is purely a business one. It is far better for you to seek another office than to place yourself in a position which may some day cause you both embarrassment and regret.

## CLEVER THINGS I NEVER SAID.

By Lowe R. Case.

BILL JENNINGS BRYAN, the only living perennial presidential possibility, has returned from discovering Japan and the Philippines, and was exhibiting to me his famous wideawake hat that had, as early as 1896, proclaimed him as the farmer's pal and the one best Jeffersonian simplicitator.

"I wonder," quoth he, as he lovingly stroked the broad brim of this bit of historic headgear, "I wonder why they call this slouch hat of mine a 'wideawake'."

"Because it long ago lost all signs of a 'nap,' I suppose," I reported with a roar of tinkling laughter.

"Charles Bonaparte, knowing my old-time brotherly feeling for his great Uncle Nappy, often asked my opinion on naval matters. He was wont to say with fine sarcasm that I was always a comfort to get my advice so that he could do the opposite thing without fear of scoring a blunder. This time he was anxiously discussing with me his plans for a new battleship."

"What I want," said he, "is to build a vessel about whose construction and laydown there can be no breath of

scandal or crookedness. How can I do that?"

"First of all," I suggested with a spasm of my dry humor, "by not having it 'Armour' plated."

HOME HINTS.

Mock Cherry Pie.

THREE cups of cranberries, one cup of seeded raisins, chop fine, two cups of sugar, two teaspoonsful of flour. Rub together. Add two cups of boiling water, then add cranberries and raisins, pinch of salt, teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake with two crusts, the upper in lattice work. This makes three small pies.

Currant Pie.

ONE pint of canned currants or fresh fruit, sweetened to taste. Add teaspoon of flour, yolks of two eggs, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon. Mix and roll the crust as for custard with currants. Put in disk and bake. Beat the whites to a froth, add two tablespoons of sugar, spread and set in oven to brown.

Cherry and Apple.

ARE core and cook the apples until clear in a syrup made of two cups of water, two cups of sugar, one cup of lemon juice, a fingerstick cinnamon and ten cloves. Allow the apples to become cold. Then fill the centre with cherries which have been pitted and soaked in a syrup of sugar and water. Put a spoonful of whipped cream and a crimson cherry on top of each apple and serve.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EVERY variation of the corselet skirt is to be noted with the result that many graceful models are to be found. Here is one of the latest that also is among the best and that shows two box plaits at the front and at the back. In this instance it is made of taffeta stitched with silk and trimmed with silk braid, but it is adapted to velveteen, to all the similar light weight wools, to all the fashionable silks and also fluen and other washable materials.



Corselet Skirt—Pattern No. 5377.

When made in round length it is suited to indoor wear, while when cut off in walking length it becomes adapted to the street, so that in addition to being available for a great many materials, it serves for almost all occasions. The lines are exceptionally desirable ones and the box plaits mean exceedingly becoming flare while the side portions can be trimmed in any way that may be preferred or left plain with only the stitched hem as finish.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 yards 2, 5 1/2 yards 4, or 5 yards 12 inches wide with 8 yards of banding to trim as illustrated. Pattern 5377 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.